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READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 30
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1988

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30**

PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1988

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- I. Read "The Biggest Liar in the World" and answer questions 1 to 7 from your Questions Booklet.

THE BIGGEST LIAR IN THE WORLD

I began writing casually, almost indifferently, when I was still a child, impressed by the rhythms of words and by their effect on adults. During Thanksgiving and Christmas and Easter holidays, I scribbled quick, effortless poems that my father delighted in having me read before the captive guests assembled at our table.

- 5 The verses were simple and artless, unsuspecting of any discordance beneath the surface of life. The first two lines (all I can remember, fortunately) of one such poem began:

Here we sit drinking wine at the table
From a bottle with a bright red label. . .

- 10 Barely literate, but from the applause my passionate recitation drew from my father and the guests, one would suppose my creation ranked beside the hallowed poetry of Longfellow and Tennyson.

- The two years of my illness gave me the chance to read voraciously, garlanding my vocabulary with numerous words I could not pronounce, enabling me to
15 accumulate a swarm of facts, events, and theories, all unmoored in the puddles of my imagination but there, someday, to be trickled into the stream.

- I took for granted that I was going to be a writer. After my illness, confirming my expectation, I was designated storyteller laureate of my seventh-grade class at our parochial school. I was often called upon to read my stories before the class,
20 and my teacher, with uncommon consideration for the literary sensibilities of my classmates, retained my readings for last.

- When my turn came to walk to the podium at the front of the room, an unmistakable flutter of anticipation swept from the desks of the eager students. I would wait until the room was absolutely silent, meanwhile savouring the warm,
25 admiring smile of a dark-eyed, lovely plum of a girl sitting at a desk in the first row.

- I'd begin to read my story, pitching my sentences slowly and carefully into the attentive stillness that gripped the room. At the end of the reading I'd steal a quick, longing glance at the plum of a girl in the first row, feeling my heart
30 washed in the radiance of her cheeks. I'd walk back to my seat through waves of applause, affecting a demeanour of modesty even as one of my eyes, slitted and baleful, glared at some lout more restrained in his clapping than the rest.

- These balmy and delirious triumphs were midnight snacks I retasted in the last few moments before falling asleep, my ears ringing again with the echoes of
35 that heady approval. What joy, I thought, what jolly happiness was a writer's life!

Despite the fact that I had read enough of the old Greek tragedies, I could not divine that the relentless gods might punish *hubris*¹ in Chicago as well as in Thebes.²

- My retribution came one day at the beginning of the noon hour when my
40 teacher asked me why I had no lunch. I was suddenly appalled at the banal flatness of having to answer, "I forgot it at home." My imagination took flight like a gull. I began explaining that on my way to school that morning I noticed a forlorn old man sitting in the gutter. Moved by his obvious misery, I asked him what

Continued

¹ *hubris* — excessive pride

² Thebes — ancient Greek city

was wrong. When he told me he had not eaten in two days, I gave him my lunch.

45 My teacher was so impressed by my unselfish charity she sent for the principal and had me repeat the story for him and the class. With a storyteller's fertile conjurings I added a number of flourishes. I detailed the man's wretchedness, his ragged, torn clothing, the broken seams of his shoes. I described his fingers trembling with gratitude as he accepted the bag of lunch, the tears in his eyes as
50 he made an effort to thank me.

When I had finished the story, the class was so overwhelmed and awed that they neglected to applaud. The principal shook my hand firmly. The dark-eyed, lovely plum of a girl in the first row cried. I returned to a desk crammed with liverwurst, salami, and cheese sandwiches, chocolate chip cookies and Lorna Doones,
55 gleaming apples, oranges, and one juice-glutted peach. I gazed upon the bountiful harvest and for a few moments believed the rewards were deserved, if not for the morality of my pretended action, at least for the versatility of my imagination.

I had no premonition of disaster when the classroom door opened a few moments later and my mother entered. I was not surprised to see her, because
60 she came to church often for a meeting or to visit my father. My teacher rose and greeted her warmly. And my mother handed her the bag of lunch I had forgotten at home that morning.

I have blocked the horror of the next few moments so effectively from my memory, I cannot honestly recall what took place. Perhaps it is best that way.
65 Even in Greek tragedy, Medea murders her children offstage. I do recall, however, that the sheer immensity of my deception gilded my chastised head for months. In the schoolyard, hallways, and classrooms, I was pointed out with awe as "the biggest liar in the world." And for a long time after that fateful day, if I entered my classroom dripping wet, holding a drenched umbrella, and remarked that it
70 was pouring down rain, everybody turned to look out the windows and make sure.

Harry Mark Petrakis

II. Read "Victorian Grandmother" and answer questions 8 to 14 from your Questions Booklet.

VICTORIAN GRANDMOTHER

In the pinch of time, facing
an upright piano under its
paisley throw

- 5 you sport a jet and agate necklace
around your freckled throat.

You were mad for costume jewelry —
and better if it was red,
and soon you ran off
to marry Handsome Jack.

- 10 I strain my ears after
your songs, you had a gift
for whistling
with a wild vibrato like a finch;

- 15 & people liked to say
while working on potato salad
in the kitchen that old one
about whistling girls & cackling hens —
you showed them.

- 20 Whatever else I inherited
I wear a brooch of yours,
a bright wing of a butterfly
fixed under a glass bead —
it's caught there, iridescent & rusty
strung on a knotty silver chain

- 25 it carries your memory effortless —
like a sure thing.

Margo Lockwood

III. Read the excerpt from *Timon of Athens* and answer questions 15 to 24 from your Questions Booklet.

from TIMON OF ATHENS

CHARACTERS:

Timon – a noble Athenian – a recluse living in a cave, who has long avoided the company of other people

Flavius – former steward to TIMON, and long his faithful servant

Enter FLAVIUS [who remains at a distance]

FLAVIUS: O you gods!

Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!¹

5 What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise²,

When man was wished to love his enemies!

10 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do!

Has caught me in his eye;

I will present my honest grief unto him,

And as my lord still serve him with my life. [*Coming forward*]

15 My dearest master!

TIMON: Away! what art thou?

FLAVIUS: Have you forgot me, sir?

TIMON: Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

20 **FLAVIUS:** An honest poor servant of yours.

TIMON: Then I know thee not;

I never had honest man about me, I; all

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

FLAVIUS: The gods are witness,

25 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

TIMON: What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give

30 But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping.

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

FLAVIUS: I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts

To entertain me as your steward still.

35 **TIMON:** Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?³

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Continued

¹bestowed — favored

²guise — behavior

³comfortable — comforting

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
 Was born of woman.
 40 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man — mistake me not, but one;
 No more, I pray — and he's a steward
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 45 And thou redeem'st thyself. But all save thee
 I fell with curses.
 Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service;
 50 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
 Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,
 A usuring⁴ kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
 55 Expecting in return twenty for one?
FLAVIUS: No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
 You should have feared false times when you did feast:
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 60 That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatche'd mind,
 Care of your food and living; and believe it,
 My most honoured lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 65 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me by making rich yourself.
TIMON: Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take. The gods, out of my misery,
 70 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
 But thus conditioned: thou shalt build from men,
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
 But let the famished flesh slide from the bone
 Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
 75 What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
 blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
 And so farewell, and thrive.
 80 **FLAVIUS:** O, let me stay and comfort you, my master.
TIMON: If thou hat'st curses
 Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
 [*Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave.*]

William Shakespeare

⁴usuring — demanding

IV. Read the excerpt from *The Chalk Garden* and answer questions 25 to 34 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE CHALK GARDEN

It is an afternoon in mid-June. The action is set in a room of a manor house in a village in Sussex, near the sea. MRS. ST. MAUGHAM is a strong-willed woman who was once a hostess to London society. Now she focuses her energy on raising her granddaughter LAUREL, and on maintaining her flower garden. Her garden, however, is chaotic and her granddaughter is rebellious. She is assisted in her futile gardening by her manservant, PINKBELL.

In this scene, OLIVIA, who is MRS. ST. MAUGHAM's daughter and LAUREL's mother, has returned after a long absence. She has remarried and is expecting another child. Appearing at the end of the scene is MADRIGAL, who is considering a job as LAUREL's governess.

(MRS. ST. MAUGHAM enters)

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Olivia! So soon! But you're safe — that's all that matters!

OLIVIA: Mother! — (*They embrace.*)

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Oh let me look at you! How brown you are! (*Brings her down stage*) How is the desert, darling? I can almost see the sand in
5 your hair. (*OLIVIA sits in armchair. MRS. ST. MAUGHAM on sofa*)

OLIVIA: Mother — how's the child?

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*stung*): Ask for me — ask for me, Olivia!

OLIVIA: I do, I would, but you ran in like a girl, and not a day older. As I
10 came in — the standards dripping with roses. Oh the English flowers after the East!

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Let me tell you before we talk —

OLIVIA: — before we quarrel!

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: No — not this time! I was going to say — that I've
missed you. If I'd known you were coming I'd have driven up to see you.

15 Whatever — and in your condition — made you rush down here without a word!

OLIVIA: I flew. I got here this morning.

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Like one of those crickets that leap from a distance and fall at one's feet! How do you do it?

20 **OLIVIA** (*gloves off*): By breakfasting in Baghdad and dining in Kuffra and taking a taxi in England. We're on a course. I wrote. Two months at Aldershot.¹

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Aldershot! Oh — who would have thought you would have taken on that look — so quickly — of a Colonel's Lady! What is it they call it — Reveille? How are the bugles at dawn, Olivia?

25 **OLIVIA:** We don't live in a camp.

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: I feel sure you said you did!

OLIVIA: Never mind the camp. I want to talk to you.

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: But why down here the very second that you arrive —

Continued

¹Aldershot — location of an army training depot in nearby Surrey

- and without warning!
- 30 **OLIVIA:** Mother, I've come about Laurel — don't put me off any longer.
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*to distract from main issue*): Did you wear that scarf — on purpose to annoy me! What you wear is a language to me!
OLIVIA (*indignant*): That's an old battle — and an old method!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: When I've *told* you — in letter after letter.
- 35 **OLIVIA:** It's time I saw for myself, Mother! For nine years I shut the world out for her —
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*rises*): Nine years of widowhood might have been spent better! (*Above chair to Left of it*) I asked you *not* to come — but you *come*! I asked you to warn me — but you ignore it! And how can you wear beige
40 with your skin that color!
OLIVIA: Does it never become possible to talk as one grown woman to another!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: The gap's lessening! After fifty I haven't grown much wiser! (*Turns Up Center*) — but at least I know what the world has to have — though one cannot pass anything on! When I count my ambitions and what
45 you have made of them!
OLIVIA: I did what you wanted —!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: But *how* you resisted me! I was burning for you to cut ice in the world — yet you had to be *driven* out to gaiety! I had to beat you into beauty! You had to be lit — as one lights a lantern! Decked — like
50 a May-tree —
OLIVIA: Oh, can't we be three minutes together —
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*down stage again*): Even your wedding dress you wore like wrapping paper! And where is it now — the success to which I pushed you? Laurel might have been a child, these four years, playing in a high
55 walled park — (*Sits upper chair Left*)
OLIVIA: — and I might have been a widow, with deer gazing at me! But life isn't like that! You had for me the standards of another age. The standards of — Pinkbell.
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Shy, plain, obstinate, silent. But I won. I married you.
60 **OLIVIA** (*rises. To her*): But you won't meet the man *I* married — the man *I* love!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Love can be had any day! Success is far harder.
OLIVIA: You say that off the top of your head — where you wore your tiara!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: So you have found a tongue to speak with!
- 65 **OLIVIA:** I have found many things — and learned others. I have been warmed and praised and made to speak. Things come late to me. Love came late to me. Laurel was born in a kind of strange virginity. To have a child doesn't always make a mother. And you won't give up the image of me! Coltish — inept, dropping the china — picking up the pieces —
- 70 **MRS. ST. MAUGHAM:** It was I who picked up the pieces, Olivia.
OLIVIA (*passionately*): *I know. But I'm without her.*
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: You are going to have another child!
OLIVIA: This child's the Unknown! Laurel's my daughter!
MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Who came to me —? (*Rises*) Who ran to me — as an
75 asylum from her mother! (*Crosses below her to armchair*)
OLIVIA (*desperately*): Oh — you find such words to change things!

Continued

You talk as if I were a light woman!

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*sits*): No, you are not light. You have never been a light woman. You are a dark, a mute woman. If there was lightness in you

80

it was I who lent it to you! And all that I did — gone!
OLIVIA (*steps to her*): Mother! Of a thousand thousand rows between you and me — and this not, I know, the last one — be on my side! Oh — for once be on my side! Help me.

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: To what?

85

OLIVIA: Help me to find her! Help me to take her back!

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Take her back! (*Lighting on an idea*) What, now? — Just now! When I've found such a companion for her! A woman of the highest character! Of vast experience! I have put myself out endlessly to find her!

90

OLIVIA: She can help you to prepare her. When I come back for her —

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: You mean before the baby's born? That will be an odd moment — won't it — to come for her!

OLIVIA (*passionately*): No! It's *why* I want her! Before I love the baby! (*Crossing to sofa*) I can't sleep! I can't rest. I seem to myself to have abandoned her!

95

(*Sits. Faces down stage*)

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: To her own grandmother! I am not a baby-farmer or a head-mistress or the matron of an orphanage —

OLIVIA (*turns on sofa*): But she'll be a woman! And I'll never have known her!

100

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: It suited you when you first married that I should have her. Laurel came to me of her own free will and I have turned my old age into a nursery for her.

OLIVIA (*with indignation*): And God has given you a second chance to be a mother!

105

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*rises*): Olivia! — Oh, there is no one who puts me in a passion like you do! (*Crossing over to Left chairs with indignation*)

OLIVIA (*rises*): And no one who knows you so well. And knows today is hopeless —

MADRIGAL (*enters from the garden up Center on a high wave of indignation — matching the crescendo of the other two. Menacing — accusing — pulling on a glove*): Mrs. St. Maugham — there must be some *mistake*! This is a chalk garden! Who has tried to grow rhododendrons in a *chalk garden*?

110

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM (*taken aback*): Rhododendrons? We put them in last autumn. But they're unhappy! (*Sits. Picks up catalogue*)

115

MADRIGAL (*magnificent, stern*): They are *dying*. They are in pure lime. Not so much as a little leaf-mould! There is no evidence of palliation!² (*To upstage table for bag*)

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: Wait — wait — Where are you going?

MADRIGAL (*over her shoulder — going*): They could have had compost! But the compost-heap is stone-cold! Nothing in the world has been done for them. (*A gay SCREAM is heard from the garden.*)

120

OLIVIA (*to up Right. Looks towards garden. To MADRIGAL*): Is that Laurel? She's screaming. What's the matter?

MADRIGAL (*scornful*): There is nothing the matter! She is dancing around the bonfire with the manservant.

125

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: I should have told you — this is Miss Madrigal. (*Opening*

Continued

²palliation — relief of symptoms

catalogue) Not so fast! I want to ask you — the bergamot — and the gunnera —

(*OLIVIA takes handbag from up stage table*)

MADRIGAL: — won't thrive on chalk. (*Turns away to first step*)

130 **MRS. ST. MAUGHAM:** There's an east slope I can grow nothing on.

MADRIGAL: — the soil can't give what it has not got. (*On to second step*)

OLIVIA (*crossing to her*): Don't go! The wind blows from the sea here and growing things need protection!

135 **MADRIGAL** (*suddenly halted by the look on OLIVIA'S face*): — and the lilies have rust — there is blackspot on the roses — and the child is screaming in the garden. . . .

MRS. ST. MAUGHAM: The roses! What would you have done for them. Pinkbell ordered — and I sprayed them!

140 **MADRIGAL** (*magnificent, contemptuous*): With *what*, I wonder! You had better have prayed for them! (*They measure each other for a moment.*) If you will accept me — (*Goes right up to her*) I will *take* this situation, Mrs. St. Maugham.

(*OLIVIA quietly exits.*)

145 (*With a dry lightness*) You have been very badly advised — I think — by Mr. Pinkbell.

Enid Bagnold

V. Read "The Puritan Ethic" and answer questions 35 to 42 from your Questions Booklet.

THE PURITAN ETHIC

Every person and every social organization that surrounded me as I grew up was dedicated to the preservation of the puritan ethic. I can never recall facing any problem as a child or young man in which the answer was not clearly spelled out.

5 Laziness, radicalism, sex, atheism, failure to do well in school and skipping church were deplorable and there was no question of a wishy-washy neutral position. Things were black or white and grayness was not known.

I remember one athletic coach to whom every aspect of a young man's growing up was clear. He knew what was right and what was wrong and he had no hesitation in telling us. Sex was wrong. Fried foods were wrong. Cigarettes were wrong. So were girls, alcohol, fast automobiles and staying out late on Saturday nights. He was one of the most rigid men I have ever known, and he came along at the precise time in my life when I required a little rigidity. Now he seems rather silly, an opinionated man who apparently never once questioned his standards and who built championship teams from them. However, four of his top six players had no fathers and intuitively we knew that we needed some kind of structure for our lives.

In retrospect, the puritan ethic which dominated my childhood did me a good deal of damage. As an adult I have worked too hard. I have been too afraid of the financial disaster which overtook so many of my contemporaries. The old ideas about sex were far too restrictive. Many of the precepts dear to the conservative leaders of my youth were outmoded then and are in discard now. The human organism seems to flourish if it enjoys somewhat more freedom than I was allowed. There are viable alternatives to puritanism, and people can work out fairly satisfactory life patterns while adhering to them. I have many scars from the puritan ethic which I wish I had missed.

And yet a man must exist within the society he inherits and he cannot escape being molded by it. If the puritan ethic damaged me in part, it also gave my life a central structure. It led me to get an education and to strive, within that education, for excellence. It has helped me to organize my work habits and to keep my eye focused on significant problems. It forced me to develop a character which has kept me plowing ahead during adversity. And it instilled in me a social conscience which has never flagged.

Above all, it has made me confident of certain central truths. I believe more strongly in education today than when I started; I simply cannot comprehend the contemporary reasoning which argues that a young man can make a substantial contribution to society even though he has not trained himself to do something. True, he need not acquire this competence from books; if he can overhaul a gasoline engine he can make himself indispensable to our society. But he must

Continued

40 know something; he must have certain skills; and he must have a tough core of resolution.

It seems obvious to me that what is happening to Forty-second Street in New York, with its proliferation of sex shops, sex-exploitation movies and massage parlors, is an abomination which, if long endured, must damage this nation.

45 When the motion picture industry, aware that censorship was about to descend on it from all sides, contrived a system for rating motion pictures which would indicate to parents what forthcoming movies contained, I was in favor of it, because it seemed to me to be a logical safeguard in a difficult situation. Recently I have been reading attacks on the system; perhaps it needs overhauling. But if someone
50 argues that motion pictures can exist for long in this country without some kind of reasonable self-policing, he makes no sense to me. The form of self-discipline may vary from decade to decade, and contradictions may surface requiring correction, but some kind of restraint is not only necessary but desirable.

Some of my friends have been surprised that a novelist, and one who has
55 dealt with some fairly strong themes, should be willing to speak out against pornography or in favor of a rating system for motion pictures. They felt that in doing so I was strengthening the hand of censorship.

I feel just the opposite. I am against censorship. As a writer I would have to be. I have seen in certain foreign countries in which I have lived the evil
60 effects that follow when the state censors ideas, and I would spend all my energies fighting against such a system.

But I am in favor of self-restraint, primarily because it forestalls censorship. I hold in contempt those artists who feel they can capture an audience only by
65 serving up large helpings of near-pornography. I suppose it's the puritan ethic of my childhood reasserting itself.

James A. Michener

VI. Read "Sunday Afternoon" and answer questions 43 to 58 from your Questions Booklet.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Mrs. Gannett came into the kitchen walking delicately to a melody played in her head, flashing the polished cotton skirts of a flowered sundress. Alva was there, washing glasses. It was half-past two; people had started coming in for drinks about half-past twelve. They were the usual people; Alva had seen most of them a couple of times before, in the three weeks she had been working for the Gannetts. There was Mrs. Gannett's brother, and his wife, and the Vances and the Fredericks; Mrs. Gannett's parents came in for a little while, after service at St. Martin's bringing with them a young nephew, or cousin, who stayed when they went home. Mrs. Gannett's side of the family was the right side; she had three sisters, all fair, forthright and unreflective women, rather more athletic than she, and these magnificently outspoken and handsome parents, both of them with pure white hair. It was Mrs. Gannett's father who owned the island in Georgian Bay, where he had built summer homes for each of his daughters, the island that in a week's time Alva was to see. Mr. Gannett's mother, on the other hand, lived in half of the red brick house in a treeless street of exactly similar red brick houses, almost downtown. Once a week Mrs. Gannett picked her up and took her for a drive and home to supper, and nobody drank anything but grape juice until she had been taken home. Once when Mr. and Mrs. Gannett had to go out immediately after supper she came into the kitchen and put away the dishes for Alva; she was rather cranky and aloof, as the women in Alva's own family would have been with a maid, and Alva minded this less than the practised, considerate affability of Mrs. Gannett's sisters.

Mrs. Gannett opened the refrigerator and stood there, holding the door. Finally she said, with something like a giggle, "Alva, I think we could have lunch —" "All right," Alva said. Mrs. Gannett looked at her. Alva never said anything wrong, really wrong, that is rude, and Mrs. Gannett was not so unrealistic as to expect a high-school girl, even a country high-school girl, to answer, "Yes, ma'am," as the old maids did in her mother's kitchen; but there was often in Alva's tone an affected ease, a note of exaggerated carelessness and agreeability that was all the more irritating because Mrs. Gannett could not think of any way to object to it. At any rate it stopped her giggling; her tanned, painted face grew suddenly depressed and sober.

"The potato salad," she said. "Aspic and tongue. Don't forget to heat the rolls. Did you peel the tomatoes? Fine — Oh, look Alva, I don't think those radishes look awfully attractive, do you? You better slice them — Jean used to do roses, you know the way they cut petals around — they used to look lovely."

Alva began clumsily to cut radishes. Mrs. Gannett walked around the kitchen, frowning, sliding her fingertips along the blue and coral counters. She was wearing her hair pulled up into a topknot, showing her neck very thin, brown and rather sun-coarsened; her deep tan made her look sinewy and dried. Nevertheless Alva, who was hardly tanned at all because she spent the hot part of the day in the

Continued

house, and who at seventeen was thicker than she would have liked in the legs and the waist, envied her this brown and splintery elegance; Mrs. Gannett had a look of being made of entirely synthetic and superior substances.

45 “Cut the angel food with a string, you know that, and I’ll tell you how many sherbet and how many maple mousse. Plain vanilla for Mr. Gannett, it’s in the freezer — There’s plenty of either for your own dessert — Oh, Derek, you monster!” Mrs. Gannett ran out to the patio, crying, “Derek, Derek!” in tones of shrill and happy outrage. Alva, who knew that Derek was Mr. Vance, a
50 stockbroker, just remembered in time not to peer out the top of the Dutch door to see what was happening. That was one of her difficulties on Sundays, when they were all drinking, and becoming relaxed and excited; she had to remember that it was not permissible for her to show a little relaxation and excitement too. Of course, she was not drinking, except out of the bottoms of glasses when they
55 were brought back to the kitchen — and then if it was gin, cold, and sweetened.

But the feeling of unreality, of alternate apathy and recklessness, became very strong in the house by the middle of afternoon. Alva would meet people coming from the bathroom, absorbed and melancholy, she would glimpse women in the dim bedrooms swaying towards their reflections in the mirror, very slowly applying
60 their lipstick, and someone would have fallen asleep on the long chesterfield in the den. By this time the drapes would have been drawn across the glass walls of living room and dining room, against the heat of the sun; those long, curtained and carpeted rooms, with their cool colours, seemed floating in an underwater light. Alva found it already hard to remember that the rooms at home, such small
65 rooms, could hold so many things; here were such bland unbroken surfaces, such spaces — a whole long, wide passage empty, except for two tall Danish vases standing against the farthest wall, carpet, walls and ceiling all done in blue variants of grey; Alva, walking down this hallway, not making any sound, wished for a mirror, or something to bump into; she did not know if she was there or not.

70 Before she carried the lunch out to the patio she combed her hair at a little mirror at the end of the kitchen counter, pushing curls up around her face. She retied her apron, pulling its wide band very tight. It was all she could do; the uniform had belonged to Jean, and Alva had asked, the first time she tried it on, if maybe it was too big; but Mrs. Gannett did not think so. The uniform was
75 blue, the predominant kitchen colour; it had white cuffs and collar and scalloped apron. She had to wear stockings too, and white Cuban-heeled shoes that clomped on the stones of the patio — making, in contrast to the sandals and pumps, a heavy, purposeful, plebeian sound. But nobody looked around at her, as she carried plates, napkins, dishes of food to a long wrought-iron table. Only Mrs. Gannett
80 came, and rearranged things. The way Alva had of putting things down on a table always seemed to lack something, though there, too, she did not make any real mistakes.

While they were eating she ate her own lunch, sitting at the kitchen table, looking through an old copy of *Time*. There was no bell, of course, on the patio;
85 Mrs. Gannett called, “All right, Alva!” or simply, “Alva!” in tones as discreet and penetrating as those of the bell. It was queer to hear her call this, in the middle of talking to someone, and then begin laughing again; it seemed as if she had a mechanical voice, even a button she pushed, for Alva.

At the end of the meal they all carried their own dessert plates and coffee
90 cups back to the kitchen. Mrs. Vance said the potato salad was lovely; Mr. Vance, quite drunk, said lovely, lovely. He stood right behind Alva at the sink, so very

Continued

close she felt his breath and sensed the position of his hands; he did not quite touch her. Mr. Vance was very big, curly-haired, high-coloured; his hair was grey, and Alva found him alarming, because he was the sort of man she was used to being respectful to. Mrs. Vance talked all the time, and seemed, when talking to Alva, more unsure of herself, yet warmer, than any of the other women. There was some instability in the situation of the Vances; Alva was not sure what it was; it might have been just that they had not so much money as the others. At any rate they were always being very entertaining, very enthusiastic, and Mr. Vance was always getting too drunk.

“Going up north, Alva, up to Georgian Bay?” Mr. Vance said, and Mrs. Vance said, “Oh, you’ll love it, the Gannetts have a lovely place,” and Mr. Vance said, “Get some sun on you up there, eh?” and then they went away. Alva, able to move now, turned around to get some dirty plates and noticed that Mr. Gannett’s cousin, or whoever he was, was still there. He was thin and leathery-looking, like Mrs. Gannett, though dark. He said, “You don’t happen to have any more coffee here, do you?” Alva poured him what there was, half a cup. He stood and drank it, watching her stack the dishes. Then he said, “Lots of fun, eh?” and when she looked up, laughed, and went out.

Alva was free after she finished the dishes; dinner would be late. She could not actually leave the house; Mrs. Gannett might want her for something. And she could not go outside; they were out there. She went upstairs; then, remembering that Mrs. Gannett had said she could read any of the books in the den, she went down again to get one. In the hall she met Mr. Gannett, who looked at her very seriously, attentively, but seemed about to go past without saying anything; then he said, “See here, Alva — see here, are you getting enough to eat?”

It was not a joke, since Mr. Gannett did not make them. It was, in fact, something he had asked her two or three times before. It seemed that he felt a responsibility for her, when he saw her in his house; the important thing seemed to be, that she should be well fed. Alva reassured him, flushing with annoyance; was she a heifer? She said, “I was going to the den to get a book. Mrs. Gannett said it would be all right —”

“Yes, yes, any book you like,” Mr. Gannett said, and he unexpectedly opened the door of the den for her and led her to the bookshelves, where he stood frowning. “What book would you like?” he said. He reached toward the shelf of brightly jacketed mysteries and historical novels, but Alva said, “I’ve never read *King Lear*.”

“*King Lear*,” said Mr. Gannett. “Oh.” He did not know where to look for it, so Alva got it down herself. “Nor *The Red and the Black*,” she said. That did not impress him so much, but it was something she might really read; she could not go back to her room with just *King Lear*. She went out of the room feeling well-pleased; she had shown him she did something besides eat. A man would be more impressed by *King Lear* than a woman. Nothing could make any difference to Mrs. Gannett; a maid was a maid.

But in her room, she did not want to read. Her room was over the garage, and very hot. Sitting on the bed rumbled her uniform, and she did not have another ironed. She could take it off and sit in her slip, but Mrs. Gannett might call her, and want her at once. She stood at the window, looking up and down the street. The street was a crescent, a wide slow curve, with no sidewalks; Alva had felt a little conspicuous, the once or twice she had walked along it; you never saw people walking. The houses were set far apart, far back from the street, behind

Continued

brilliant lawns and rockeries and ornamental trees; in this area in front of the houses, no one ever spent time but the Chinese gardeners; the lawn furniture, the swings and garden tables were set out on the back lawns, which were surrounded
145 by hedges, stone walls, pseudo-rustic fences. The street was lined with parked cars this afternoon; from behind the houses came sounds of conversation and a great deal of laughter. In spite of the heat, there was no blur on the day, up here; everything — the stone and white stucco houses, the flowers, the flower-coloured cars — looked hard and glittering, exact and perfect. There was no haphazard
150 thing in sight. The street, like an advertisement, had an almost aggressive look of bright summer spirits; Alva felt dazzled by this, by the laughter, by people whose lives were relevant to the street. She sat down on a hard chair in front of an old-fashioned child's desk — all the furniture in this room had come out of other rooms that had been redecorated; it was the only place in the house where you
155 could find things unmatched, unrelated to each other, and wooden things that were not large, low and pale. She began to write a letter to her family.

— and the houses, all the others too, are just tremendous, mostly quite modern. There isn't a weed in the lawns, they have a gardener spend a whole day every week just cleaning out what looks to be perfect already. I think
160 the men are rather sappy, the fuss they make over perfect lawns and things like that. They do go out and rough it every once in a while but that is all very complicated and everything has to be just so. It is like that with everything they do and everywhere they go.

Don't worry about me being lonesome and downtrodden and all that maid sort of thing. I wouldn't let anybody get away with anything like that. Besides I'm not a maid really, it's just for the summer. I don't feel lonesome,
165 why should I? I just observe and am interested. Mother, of course I can't eat with them. Don't be ridiculous. It's not the same thing as a hired girl at all. Also I prefer to eat alone. If you wrote Mrs. Gannett a letter she wouldn't know what you were talking about, and I don't mind. *So don't!*
170

Also I think it would be better when Marion comes down if I took my afternoon off and met her downtown. I don't want particularly to have her come here. I'm not sure how maids' relatives come. Of course it's all right if she wants to. I can't always tell how Mrs. Gannett will react, that's all,
175 and I try to take it easy around her without letting her get away with anything. She is all right though.

In a week we will be leaving for Georgian Bay and of course I am looking forward to that. I will be able to go swimming every day, she (Mrs. Gannett) says and —

Her room was really too hot. She put the unfinished letter under the blotter on the desk. A radio was playing in Margaret's room. She walked down the hall towards Margaret's door, hoping it would be open. Margaret was not quite fourteen; the difference in age compensated for other differences, and it was not too bad to be with Margaret.
180

The door was open, and there spread out on the bed were Margaret's crinolines and summer dresses. Alva had not known she had so many.
185

"I'm not really packing," Margaret said. "I know it would be crazy. I'm just seeing what I've got. I hope my stuff is all right," she said. "I hope it's not too —"
190

Alva touched the clothes on the bed, feeling a great delight in these delicate

Continued

colours, in the smooth little bodices, expensively tucked and shaped, the crinolines with their crisp and fanciful bursts of net; in these clothes there was a very pretty artificial innocence. Alva was not envious; no, this had nothing to do with her; this was part of Margaret's world, that rigid pattern of private school (short tunics and long black stockings), hockey, choir, sailing in summer, parties, boys who wore blazers —

"Where are you going to wear them?" Alva said.

"To the Ojibway. The hotel. They have dances every weekend, everybody goes down in their boats. Friday night is for kids and Saturday night is for parents and other people — That is I *will* be going," Margaret said rather grimly, "if I'm not a social flop. Both the Davis girls are."

"Don't worry," Alva said a little patronizingly. "You'll be fine."

"I don't really like dancing," Margaret said. "Not the way I like sailing, for instance. But you have to do it."

"You'll get to like it," Alva said. So there would be dances, they would go down in the boats, she would see them going and hear them coming home. All these things, which she should have expected —

Margaret sitting cross-legged on the floor, looked up at her with a blunt, clean face, and said, "Do you think I ought to start to neck this summer?"

"Yes," said Alva. "I would," she added almost vindictively. Margaret looked puzzled; she said, "I heard that's why Scotty didn't ask me at Easter —"

There was no sound, but Margaret slipped to her feet. "Mother's coming," she said with her lips only, and almost at once Mrs. Gannett came into the room, smiled with a good deal of control, and said, "Oh, Alva. This is where you are."

Margaret said, "I was telling her about the Island, Mummy."

"Oh. There are an awful lot of glasses sitting around down there Alva, maybe you could whisk them through now and they'd be out of the way when you want to get dinner — And Alva, do you have a fresh apron?"

"The yellow is so too tight, Mummy, I tried it on —"

"Look, darling, it's no use getting all that fripprap out yet, there's still a week before we go —"

Alva went downstairs, passed along the blue hall, heard people talking seriously, a little drunkenly, in the den, and saw the door of the sewing-room closed softly, from within, as she approached. She went into the kitchen. She was thinking of the Island now. A whole island that they owned; nothing in sight that was not theirs. The rocks, the sun, the pine trees, and the deep, cold water of the Bay. What would she do there, what did the maids do? She could go swimming, at odd hours, go for walks by herself, and sometimes — when they went for groceries, perhaps — she would go along in the boat. There would not be so much work to do as there was here, Mrs. Gannett had said. She said the maids always enjoyed it. Alva thought of the other maids, those more talented, more accommodating girls; did they really enjoy it? What kind of freedom or content had they found, that she had not?

She filled the sink, got out the draining rack again and began to wash glasses. Nothing was the matter, but she felt heavy, heavy with the heat and tired and uncaring, hearing all around her an incomprehensible faint noise — of other people's lives, of boats and cars and dances — and seeing this street, that promised island,

Continued

in a harsh and continuous dazzle of sun. She could not make a sound here, not a dint.

240 She must remember, before dinner time, to go up and put on a clean apron. She heard the door open; someone came in from the patio. It was Mrs. Gannett's cousin.

"Here's another glass for you," he said. "Where'll I put it?"

"Anywhere," said Alva.

245 "Say thanks," Mrs. Gannett's cousin said, and Alva turned around wiping her hands on her apron, surprised, and then in a very short time not surprised. She waited, her back to the counter, and Mrs. Gannett's cousin took hold of her lightly, as in a familiar game, and spent some time kissing her mouth.

"She asked me up to the Island some weekend in August," he said.

250 Someone on the patio called him, and he went out, moving with the graceful, rather mocking stealth of some slight people. Alva stood still with her back to the counter.

This stranger's touch has eased her; her body was simply grateful and expectant, and she felt a lightness and confidence she had not known in this house. So there
255 were things she had not taken into account, about herself, about them, and ways of living with them that were not so unreal. She would not mind thinking of the Island now, the bare sunny rocks and the black little pine trees. She saw it differently now; it was even possible that she wanted to go there. But things always came together; there was something she would not explore yet — a tender spot,
260 a new and still mysterious humiliation.

Alice Munro

VII. Read “The Catfish” and answer questions 59 to 64 from your Questions Booklet.

THE CATFISH

I spent afternoons like an old man's drowsy years,
fishing the creek water, as frothed and gold as lager,
catching river cats beyond the ironwood spears.
But with every catch, I hoped there was another, bigger.

- 5 And began to think there was a king of catfish there,
inert as a sack of coins in the bottom mud, wise
as he meditated in his dream-dark lair,
from a tarbucket head and two pale green eyes.

- 10 From a study of the specimens expiring on the bank,
I formed a picture of the mammoth one: grumpy, old,
heavy as a tub of cheese, uncleansed by water, rank.
He oared himself erect inside my mind and glowed.

- 15 His skin was twisted like a woman's hose upon his sides,
his mouth was tasseled like a lamp with ancient hooks;
now this embodied silence simply lasts beneath the tides
as remote from baits and lures as from the flight of ducks.

- 20 I've thought upon my monster beyond the range
of credulity; accepted him as if he really existed
and shook the abutments of my reason. Beyond change,
in a myth beyond begetting, this thing has lasted.

The real ones, I have found, are mortal in the mind
as in the world of hooks and worms and lethal boys.
The dreamed one lasts on where he's never been,
untroubled as a star by hooks and facts and other toys.

Jack Matthews

VIII. Read "To Certain Friends" and answer questions 65 to 72 from your Questions Booklet.

TO CERTAIN FRIENDS

I see my friends now standing about me, bemused,
Eyeing me dubiously as I pursue my course,
Clutching their little less that is worlds away.

- Full of good will, they greet me with offers of help.
5 Now and then with the five-dollar-bill of evasion,
Sincere in their insincerity; believing, in unbelief.

The nation's needs are to them considerable problems.
Often they play no bridge nor sit at the movies,
Preferring to hear some expert discuss every angle.

- 10 They show great zeal collecting the news and statistics.
They know far more about every question than I do,
But their knowledge of how to use knowledge grows smaller
and smaller.

- They make a virtue of having an open mind,
15 Open to endless arrivals of other men's suggestions,
To the rain of facts that deepens the drought of the will.

Above all they fear the positive formation of opinion,
The essential choice that acts as a mental compass,
The clear perception of the road to the receding horizon.

- 20 For this would mean leaving the shade of the middle ground
To walk in the open air, and in unknown places;
Might lead, perhaps — dread thought! — to definite action.

They will grow old seeking to avoid conclusions,
Refusing to learn by living, to test by trying,

- 25 Letting opportunities slip from their tentative fingers,

Till one day, after the world has tired of waiting,
While they are busy arguing about the obvious,
A half-witted demagogue will walk away with their children.

F.R. Scott

IX. Read the excerpt from “Travels With Charley” and answer questions 73 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

from TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY

Now, there is not any question that Charley was rapidly becoming a tree expert of enormous background. He could probably get a job as a consultant with the Davies people. But from the first I had withheld from him any information about the giant redwoods. It seemed to me that a Long Island poodle who had
5 made his devoirs¹ to *Sequoia sempervirens* or *Sequoia gigantea* might be set apart from other dogs — might even be like that Galahad who saw the Grail. The concept is staggering. After this experience he might be translated mystically to another plane of existence, to another dimension, just as the redwoods seem to be out of time and out of our ordinary thinking. The experience might even drive
10 him mad. I had thought of that. On the other hand, it might make of him a consummate bore. A dog with an experience like that could become a pariah² in the truest sense of the word.

The redwoods, once seen, leave a mark or create a vision that stays with you always. No one has ever successfully painted or photographed a redwood tree.
15 The feeling they produce is not transferable. From them comes silence and awe. It's not only their unbelievable stature, nor the color which seems to shift and vary under your eyes, no, they are not like any trees we know, they are ambassadors from another time. They have the mystery of ferns that disappeared a million years ago into the coal of the carboniferous era. They carry their own light and shade.
20 The vainest, most slap-happy and irreverent of men, in the presence of redwoods, goes under a spell of wonder and respect. Respect — that's the word. One feels the need to bow to unquestioned sovereigns. I have known these great ones since my earliest childhood, have lived among them, camped and slept against their warm monster bodies, and no amount of association has bred contempt in me.
25 And the feeling is not limited to me.

A number of years ago, a newcomer, a stranger, moved to my country near Monterey. His senses must have been blunted and atrophied with money and the getting of it. He bought a grove of *sempervirens* in a deep valley near the coast, and then, as was his right by ownership, he cut them down and sold the lumber,
30 and left on the ground the wreckage of his slaughter. Shock and numb outrage filled the town. This was not only murder but sacrilege. We looked on that man with loathing, and he was marked to the day of his death.

Of course, many of the ancient groves have been lumbered off, but many of the stately monuments remain and will remain, for a good and interesting reason.
35 States and governments could not buy and protect these holy trees. This being so, clubs, organizations, even individuals, bought them and dedicated them to the future. I don't know any other similar case. Such is the impact of the sequoias on the human mind. But what would it be on Charley?

Approaching the redwood country, in southern Oregon, I kept him in the
40 back of Rocinante,³ hooded as it were. I passed several groves and let them go

Continued

¹made his devoirs — paid his respects

²pariah — social outcast

³Rocinante — author's camper, named after a broken-down nag ridden by Don Quixote

as not quite adequate — and then on a level meadow by a stream we saw the grandfather, standing alone, three hundred feet high and with the girth of a small apartment house. The branches with their flat, bright green leaves did not start below a hundred and fifty feet up. Under that was the straight, slightly tapering
45 column with its red to purple to blue. Its top was noble and lightning-riven by some ancient storm. I coasted off the road and pulled to within fifty feet of the godlike thing, so close that I had to throw back my head and raise my eyes to vertical to see its branches. This was the time I had waited for. I opened the back door and let Charley out and stood silently watching, for this could be a dog's
50 dream of heaven in the highest.

Charley sniffed and shook his collar. He sauntered to a weed, collaborated with a sapling, went to the stream and drank, then looked about for new things to do.

“Charley,” I called. “Look!” I pointed to the grandfather. He wagged his
55 tail and took another drink. I said, “Of course. He doesn’t raise his head high enough to see the branches to prove it’s a tree.” I strolled to him and raised his muzzle straight up. “Look, Charley. It’s the tree of all trees. It’s the end of the Quest.”

Charley got a sneezing fit, as all dogs do when the nose is elevated too high.
60 I felt the rage and hatred one has toward non-appreciators, toward those who through ignorance destroy a treasured plan. I dragged him to the trunk and rubbed his nose against it. He looked coldly at me and forgave me and sauntered away to a hazelnut bush.

“If I thought he did it out of spite or to make a joke,” I said to myself,
65 “I’d kill him out of hand. I can’t live without knowing.” I opened my pocket knife and moved to the creekside, where I cut a branch from a small willow tree, a Y-branch well tufted with leaves. I trimmed the branch ends neatly and finally sharpened the butt end, then went to the serene grandfather of Titans and stuck the little willow in the earth so that its greenery rested against the shaggy redwood bark. Then I whistled to Charley and he responded amiably enough. I pointedly
70 did not look at him. He cruised casually about until he saw the willow with a start of surprise. He sniffed its new-cut leaves delicately and then, after turning this way and that to get range and trajectory, he fired.

John Steinbeck

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